

Nothing Like It.

By sinking pipes into the ground to a depth of eight to ten feet the farmers about Humble have succeeded in striking gas and utilizing the heat generated in sowing their cabbage crop from destruction by frost. Assistant Passenger Agent Doherty of the Houston East and West Texas railway is authority for the statement. By accident, while erecting an improvised fence the fact was discovered. A hollow post was driven into the earth a few feet. Something whizzed at the top. A match settled the question. Natural gas was pouring out in a continuous pressure.

The idea of thus protecting the cabbage by utilizing this product was conceived and now all through the cabbage fields in this section of the country hundreds of pipes have been sunk into the earth, valves fitted to them and the approach of a norther hailed by counteracting fires. This method of fighting frost has passed the experimental stage and the entire country is alight during cold weather.

It was only this year that S. H. Dixon, chief of the immigration department of the Houston East and West Texas railroad succeeded in introducing cabbage culture along that line of road. Frost is the greatest foe to this product, but now a method of successfully combatting the cold weather has been discovered.

The phenomena seems almost incredible, but the best authority for the statement is given, one of the highest officials of the Houston East and West Texas railway, who returned from a trip over the road.

"And I can take you to plenty of places," emphatically stated Mr. Doherty, "where you can stick a hollow pipe into the ground eight feet and get a steady pressure of gas."

Wealth Seekers.

Mills county probably has the most persistent band of fortune hunters of any county in the state, though it seems that every locality has its legend of "hidden doubloons" and the visionary citizens who are willing to toil night and day hoping to turn up the buried coin. For more than ten years parties there have been in possession of charts, waybills and copper plates, which they think, when properly understood and followed will lead them to fabulous wealth. Of this they have no doubt, and they have abundantly established their faith by their work. For three years their field of operation has been near this town and covers about two square miles, nearly every acre of which has a prospect hole on it. In order to be free from molestation they have purchased some of the land on which they work.

Disappointments do not seem to discourage them and when one crew is run down they find another indication and start again and never seem to doubt ultimate success.

The Duty of Mothers.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., and secure from a woman the most efficient advice without charge.



Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote in January, 1900, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swelled, and was generally miserable. She received an answer promptly with advice, and under date of March, 1900, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

Nothing in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

Sad, if So.

There was a most peculiar story going the rounds in Austin, which is vouched for by some who claim to know. It is that of a young girl who has attempted suicide by the smallpox route. Her lover died about a year ago from smallpox, and she has willfully exposed herself to that disease.

In a small hut in the settlement known as "Mexico," located in the southern part of Austin, a Mexican woman has been quite sick with smallpox. This young girl came to the shanty and at first was refused admittance, but later was admitted when she represented that she could cure the patient. Once inside and in contact with the victim she told her real purpose.

The Mexicans tried to persuade her to leave, but she would not go, instead lying down on the pallet with the patient and spending the night there. The attending physician quarantined the young girl with the Mexicans, and though it has been ten days since the first visit she has not contracted the disease.

When you lack energy, do not relish your food, feel dull and stupid, after eating, all you need is a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will make you feel like a new man and give you an appetite like a bear. For Sale by The Central Drug Store.

THOUGHT A MASSACRE.

What an Aged Man Thinks of Skulls Found at Corpus Christi.

F. J. Frandolig of Tarpon was at Corpus Christi lately and spent a day there. Mr. Frandolig is one of the oldest residents of the entire coast country, and he participated in some of the bloodiest battles ever fought with Indians in southwest Texas. He is full of reminiscences of those thrilling times in the early settlement of this country that tried men's souls. Learning of his presence in town a reporter sought him, and calling his attention to the recent finding of eighteen skeletons in the courthouse yard at Corpus Christi, asked him if he could account for their presence there. He said that he thought he could, and immediately proceeded to give the details of one of the bloodiest massacres that ever occurred in this section of the country. He was a young man then, and lived near where the present town of San Patricio stands. The story in brief as given by him is to the effect that in 1835 there resided a short distance west of here a ranchman named Alejandro Garcia. There lived on this ranch about twenty peons. The Lipan Indians about 100 strong made a raid on the ranch, and recognizing his inability to hold out against so formidable a band of Indians, Garcia and his peons fled for their lives at once. They were pursued and overtaken near the present site of Corpus Christi, and though they made desperate resistance, were finally overcome and most, if not all of them, were massacred. After the Indians had retreated, Mexican soldiers from the mission at San Antonio and rancheros from intervening points came and buried the unfortunate victims of the massacre at or near where they fell, and to the best of his recollection, that point is about where the present courthouse stands.

This is the account in brief—the key that unlocks the past and reveals the participants in one of the many bloody scenes by which this "fairest spot of God's creation," now peopled with a generation who know the red man only as some legendary being, was wrested from as cruel and relentless a race when roused to resentment, as ever inhabited any portion of the globe from the day it was first flung untamed, uncultivated from the creative hand of God.

It is a sad story, a sad picture, and all that remains of it that is tangible is the crumbling remains of those courtyard skeletons, fast dissolving into their mother earth, and this old man's memory.

Collapsed.

The rear portion of the brick building occupied by J. N. House & Son, fronting on North Rusk street, Paris, came down with a crash. There were 16 carloads of feedstuff, 150 barrels of salt and a lot of stoneware stored in the building. The walls were double-decked and piled up with goods, the pressure of which caused them to bulge out. At the same time there was a pressure of eighteen inches or two feet of snow and sleet on top of the roof, which caused it to cave as the north and south walls bulged. After the roof fell in the walls fell on top of it. A large force of hands was kept at work all night removing the debris. The damage to the stoneware and other goods is estimated at \$2000, in addition to the loss sustained by the collapsing of the walls.

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ROMANCE ENDED.

Lova's Young Dream Seems to Turn Out to be Not a Reality.

A suit for divorce was filed at Hillsboro some days ago which recalled an interesting Hill county romance. On the 4th of January, 1899, as a young girl was on her way to school near Covington, she was overtaken by a man who invited her to ride in his buggy. They drove over into Johnson county, where they were married by Rev. Wilhoit, and returned to a friend's in Hill county, where they stopped for a few hours. Very soon after the elopement the bride's father heard of it and started in swift pursuit. He came upon them at their friend's residence, where a stormy scene with tears and protests and warm talk was enacted, and which terminated in the father seizing his daughter, a girl of 14, and carrying her home. He followed it up speedily with a suit against the bridegroom to enjoin him from seeking to obtain his wife or of communicating with her, for the reason, the plaintiff alleged, that the marriage was invalid. It was asserted to be invalid because the marriage license was procured upon a forged order to the county clerk of Johnson county. A temporary injunction was granted and was almost immediately followed by a motion to punish the defendant for contempt, the plaintiff alleging that he had attempted to establish communication with his bride of an hour after the order of the court granting a temporary injunction was served on him.

When the case came up for trial a sensational feature was the testimony of the bride, who declared that she was detained by her father against her will and that she desired to live with her husband. The case was won by the defendant and went to the higher courts, was sent back and went the rounds of the courts again. When the suit was finally won by the defendant the victory proved an empty one. Time or matured womanhood, or some other cause had changed the young wife's sentiments, and she refused to live with her husband. After vain endeavors to change her he despaired, and the suit for divorce is the culmination of perhaps the most romantic episode in the history of Hill county.

A letter has been received by Capt. J. C. Terrell of Fort Worth from Judge J. F. Cooper of the Philippine Islands. Judge Cooper, who formerly resided in Fort Worth, is at present a member of the supreme court of the Philippines. In his letter to Capt. Terrell he describes at some length the conditions prevailing in the islands, saying among other things that the country is very productive and that the climate is rather pleasant. He commented in a most complimentary manner on the American troops and spoke very highly of the officers in command.

He referred to the fact that not a few of the Filipinos were highly intellectual and said that their arguments before the supreme court were interesting and that they were quick to comprehend legal propositions and to present them forcibly to the court.

He stated that while most of his time had been spent at Manila, he had nevertheless visited other points on the islands and was surprised to learn that the population was much denser than he had thought; that on one occasion he visited a near by town and was asked by his attendant what he thought the population of the place was, and his guess was about a hundred, and that he was told the population was fully 1600. Notwithstanding the fact that the population is very large in certain quarters Judge Cooper says they are very healthy and their cleanliness marked.

He referred to fights which have already been covered by dispatches.

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